make me scream for this

bebe8s

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Summary:

"Can't miss my flight, Eds. You said it yourself," Richie replies with a grin, leaning down to kiss Eddie's forehead. And now Eddie feels like he's going to burst because his dick is so hard, and he can never make himself come the same way Richie can. The thought of his own hand is barely enticing, but that doesn't even matter, because just as Richie is about to open the door, he turns back around and brings his lips to Eddie's ear, whispering, "And don't you fucking come while I'm gone. I'll know, and then you won't be coming for another week."

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Author's Note:

title is from “lavender kiss” by the licks

Richie was getting ready to leave for a week. He had a few shows in New York, and Eddie didn't really want to go back there after all of his… *history* there. Plus, he had work anyways. And it was only going to be seven days. Eddie could survive.

Richie's plane left in *three hours* , and despite the fact that Eddie had been telling him it was time to go for some time now, he was still at their place. And Eddie couldn't complain that much, because he had his tongue in Eddie's ass and his hand pumping loosely around his dick. He'd been working him open for what felt like forever, and Eddie could feel that tight coil forming in the pit of his stomach. He *knew* he was close, but Richie was still not giving him enough friction to bring him over the edge.

"Rich, baby. Please, more. You gotta hurry up so you don't miss your flight," Eddie croaks out, voice weak and laced with pleasure. Richie tightens his fist and pumps his fist faster, tonguing at his hole brutally, and Eddie thinks he's finally going to come. And then it all stops. Eddie lets out a pathetic whimper at the sudden absence of stimulation.

"Why'd you stop?" Eddie whines.

"Can't miss my flight, Eds. You said it yourself," Richie replies with a grin, leaning down to kiss Eddie's forehead. And now Eddie feels like he's going to burst because his dick is *so* hard, and he can never make himself come the same way Richie can. The thought of his own hand is barely enticing, but that doesn't even matter, because just as Richie is about to open the door, he turns back around and brings his lips to Eddie's ear, whispering, "And don't you fucking come while I'm gone. I'll know, and then you won't be coming for another week."

Eddie's knees nearly buckle from the thought.

It's been three days now, and Eddie really thinks he might die. He has come very close to just wrapping his fist around his dick in the shower and jerking himself off, but he doesn't want to disappoint Richie. He knows that Richie will know. And the thought of not being able to come while Richie is home is terrifying. And also extremely hot, so Eddie is trying not to think about it too much.

He's pretty much permanently hard when he's at home. He has enough self control to keep himself in check at the office, but it's like his dick has a GPS and knows when he gets home. The second he walks through the door, he's hard as a rock and there's nothing he can do about it. He's tried begging Richie, even sent a few pictures, but Richie refuses to budge. He makes sure Eddie knows that he is not to touch himself at all.

And it's gotten to the point that Eddie is so hard that he wishes he had just taken the week off and gone to New York with Richie. He could have just stayed at the hotel all day, waiting for Richie to get back and fuck him senseless. And the idea of that is so insanely hot to him that he's now considering doing that next time.

Five days in, and Eddie thinks he might make it. It's Friday night, and Richie is returning Sunday afternoon. He's so close to Richie coming home and rewarding him for being such a good boy for him all week. He's still painfully hard at all hours, and his dreams are far from innocent, but he hasn't touched himself at all. He's been so good for Richie, and Richie knows.

But then, just after midnight Los Angeles time, Eddie's phone wakes him up with a call from Richie. It's three in New York, so of course Eddie's going to answer. He's a little panicked, afraid something has happened. That's not really the case.

"Chee? Is everything okay?" Eddie asks into the phone, voice laced with concern.

"Yeah, baby boy. Everything is great. Just missing you, baby." Richie's

voice is low and dangerous, and Eddie is so far gone.

Eddie hums into the phone. He's already starting to get hard again (probably because he was already halfway there in his sleep).

"Have you touched yourself baby?" Richie asks sweetly.

"No, Richie. I want to be good for you," Eddie says weakly. All of the blood in his body seems to be in his cock already, and he's having a hard time keeping it together.

"Always such a good boy for me, baby. Such a pretty little baby boy. Makes my cock so hard just thinking about you, laying in bed all desperate for me right now," Richie says lowly, drawing a whimper from Eddie's mouth. One of Eddie's hands is grasping the phone with a vice-like grip, and the other is twisted in the sheet so tightly he's afraid he might rip it.

"What are you gonna let me do to you when I get home, baby? Wanna hear your slutty fantasies so I can come all over my hand thinking about you," Richie continues, and Eddie really thinks he's going to die.

"Anything - fuck - Rich, you can do whatever the fuck you want to me. I'll do anything," Eddie whines out. Maybe if he's good, if he talks to Richie, Richie will let him touch himself right now.

"Yeah? Anything? What if I said when I got back, I was gonna bring home a new cock ring, and I was gonna fuck you until my cum was dripping down your thighs, and then just leave you there. You'd be so filthy and so hard. Maybe you'd be so pent up I could get you to come even with the cock ring, but we both know that wouldn't feel anything like a real orgasm, so instead you'd just feel even hornier. Would you let me do that to you?"

Eddie practically sobs, because yes, yes he would. He wants to come so badly, but if Richie came home and did that, Eddie wouldn't even be able to complain. That sounds fucking perfect to him.

"Hmm. You want me to do that? Or do you want me to come home and fuck you until you're sobbing and you're covered in your own

cum? Maybe I'd make you swipe your fingers through it, clean up the mess you made."

"God, yes. Any of that, Rich. Anything. Fucking anything, just need you to come back and touch me, please."

"I might. Or maybe I'll just come home and stuff a vibrator up your ass, sit next to you on the couch and watch you come undone. Tie your hands up and spread you out for me. Watch you come so hard that you white out, and then just leave you there to sob through the overstimulation. Is that what you want?"

"Yes, Richie. God. I want you to do whatever you want with me. I'm your fucking slut, just here for you to fuck and use and come inside of. Please, Richie. I need to come so badly," Eddie begs. His cock is leaking into his briefs now, but he hasn't dared touch it. Not without permission. He can hear Richie's hand speeding up through the line, and his breathing is so fast, and Eddie wishes so badly that he could be that close to orgasm, too.

"Aw, baby boy, you know I'll take care of you when I get home soon. I'll make you feel really good, baby. I promise. Because you're my little toy and I gotta make sure I keep my little toy happy," Richie promises through labored breaths, and then he's groaning into the phone and Eddie knows he's just come, and Eddie honestly thinks he might come in his pants just from the words Richie has said to him.

"So good for me baby, helping me jerk off when you can't even touch yourself," Richie says, the praise making Eddie's face feel warm.

"Goodnight baby. I love you," Richie says softly.

"I love you, Chee," Eddie says back, and then the line goes dead. And Eddie is left with a painfully hard cock in between his legs.

He ends up having to take nearly an hour long cold shower to finally get himself to calm down, and then it still doesn't work that well. But he finally is able to lay down in bed and drift off without being hyper-aware of his hard dick that's trapped between him and the mattress.

And of course, he dreams of all of the things Richie has promised. He dreams of Richie coming home and having his way with Eddie, not even caring what Eddie has to say. Just using him until he's sobbing and covered in his own cum with Richie's cum dripping from his ass. And so when he wakes up, he's hard again, and he doesn't know how he's supposed to last one more day. He feels like he might cream his pants if the wind blows in the right direction.

Somehow, though, he makes it. It's not easy, but he goes the entire week without touching his impossibly hard cock. And then Richie is walking through the door, acting all innocent.

"Hello, my darling Spaghetti. How has your week been? What did you do without me?" Richie asks, leaning down to press a chaste kiss to Eddie’s lips, even though Eddie *knows* that Richie is well aware of how hard Eddie is through his shorts right now. That's how badly Eddie needs to be fucked. He busted out his short red shorts that always make Richie go nuts.

"Terrible. Torturous. If I don't come in the next ten minutes, I might die," Eddie answers flatly, approaching Richie. Richie spins them around, pinning Eddie up against the wall.

"Okay, then come. I'm not stopping you anymore."

Eddie looks up at Richie in confusion, but all Richie does is slot his thigh in between Eddie's, pressing up against Eddie's erection. And then it clicks.

"I'm not going to touch you until you make yourself come in your pants like the little whore you are. I want to see just how desperate you are for me to make you feel good. So get on with it."

Eddie complies. He starts rutting against Richie's leg, pleasure immediately shooting through his veins and causing his head to sink down onto Richie's shoulder. He can't help the desperate little whines that come spilling from his mouth at the delicious friction he’s been craving all week.

“Yeah, just what I thought. So desperate for my cock that you’d rub up against me like a fucking dog until you finally get to come. Gonna ruin your pants, too. It’ll really remind you of what you are, right? My little comeslut.”

Eddie shivers, grinding down harder and panting at Richie’s filthy words. He’s getting close, especially because he’s been so pent up all week. Richie wraps his fingers into Eddie’s hair, pulling his head back so that he has to look Richie in the eye.

“You wanna come, baby?”

Eddie nods frantically, but it’s not what Richie wants, so he tightens his grip on Eddie’s hair.

“Please, Richie. Please can I come? *Please!* ” Eddie begs.

“Do it. Make a mess in your pants like a slutty little virgin.”

That’s all it takes for Eddie to spill into his pants, breathing heavily as he feels his underwear become wet and sticky. He takes a moment to come down from his high, but when he does, Richie is looking down at him.

“Look at the mess you’ve made. Such a whore. Go to the bedroom and get naked on the bed. If you’re not ready by the time I get up there, I’m not gonna fuck you.”

Eddie scrambles up the steps, stripping down once he crosses the threshold to their bedroom. He’s naked in seconds, laying back on their bed and waiting. He may have come just moments ago, but his cock is already starting to harden again.

He waits anxiously, desperate for Richie. Finally, *finally,* Richie walks in, eyeing Eddie on the bed.

“Look at you, all ready for me. All spread out, waiting for me to touch you, use you however I want. What do you think I should do to you? What do you think you deserve?”

“Whatever you want, Richie. *Please.* I just need you to touch me, fuck.”

Richie climbs onto the bed, towering over Richie. He completely covers him, and Eddie is whimpering at Richie being so close but still not touching him. Richie lowers down and kisses Eddie, pressing his tongue into Eddie's mouth violently, like he owned him. Because he did. Eddie was Richie's.

Richie attaches his lips to Eddie's neck, biting a mark into the flesh. Then, he trailed his lips down Eddie's body, stopping to bite his nipples softly, enjoying the way Eddie's body writhed underneath him. He kept going, sucking hickies onto the inside of Eddie's thighs until he was practically crying.

"Please, Richie. I need *something* ."

"I know, baby. You're soaked. So fucking wet for me." Richie slid his thumb over the top of Eddie's cock, swiping at the precum that had gathered there. He started spreading it down Eddie's cock, pumping him slowly. Richie brought three of his fingers up to Eddie's mouth.

"Suck."

Eddie took them into his mouth greedily, slobbering all over the long digits. Richie pulled them out moments later, marvelling at the line of spit that connected the tips of his fingers to Eddie's lips.

He brought his fingers down, pressing one up against Eddie's rim. He breached the muscle, going up to the second knuckle.

"Oh, baby. You're so fucking tight. Love how tight you get whenever I haven't fucked you in a few days. Like your hole doesn't know what to do without my cock," Richie said hotly, pumping his finger at a devastatingly slow pace.

He added a second not too long after, stretching and scissoring. Once he added a third, he started brushing up against Eddie's prostate. Eddie was grinding back down against Richie's fingers, craving *more* .

"Yeah, baby. Fuck yourself on my fingers."

And Eddie did. He moved his hips frantically, chasing the pleasure he got whenever they hit just right. It wasn't long before he was close to coming again. He was sure Richie wouldn't let him, he would pull his

fingers out and watch Eddie whine.

But he didn't. He moved his fingers faster, looking up at Eddie.

"Come on, baby. I want to see you come again."

Richie closed his lips around the head of Eddie's dick, swirling his tongue around, and then Richie took him further down his throat. Eddie came with a shout, shooting down Richie's throat and watching him swallow.

He slid back up, bringing his lips to Eddie's and kissing. Eddie could taste himself on Richie's tongue.

"You want me to fuck you now, baby? You think you can take my dick?"

Eddie nodded desperately, brain unable to form words. All he could think about was how badly he needed to get fucked. He vaguely heard the sound of a lube cap, assuming that Richie was lubing himself up.

Richie wrapped his left around Eddie's wrists, bringing them over his head and holding them there. His grip was tight, right on the verge of pleasure and pain. Using his other hand, he lined his cock up with Eddie, pressing the blunt head against his tight hole.

He slid in in one quick thrust, pressing his hips flush against Eddie. He gave him a singular moment to adjust before pulling all the way out and thrusting back in brutally. He quickly set a punishing pace, pushing Eddie's body further up the bed with every thrust.

"You like how all you can do is lay there and take it? Just lay there like a toy while I fuck you, use you however I want? And there's nothing you can do about it."

Eddie squirmed under his grasp, letting out an obscene moan when he realized that he really can't move. All he can do is let Richie pound into him relentlessly.

"I could fuck you as long as I want. Make you cry on my cock, so high on all the pleasure. You want that? You want me to fuck you

until you're begging me to stop?"

Eddie nodded and let out a whine.

"I wouldn't stop then, even if you begged. Cause I do what I want with you. I'd just keep fucking you, using you. I'd fill you up with my cum and watch it drip out, like my own little come dump."

At this point, Eddie was so far gone. Every word from Richie's mouth made him impossibly more turned on. Richie was fucking him without any care for Eddie's pleasure, just using him to get off. Eddie couldn't move, and that made it all the more intense. He was getting so close, he just needed a little more.

"Rich, please. Touch me," Eddie whined out.

"I am touching you, baby."

"I need more," Eddie said next, desperation lacing his voice.

"No. This is enough. You'll come from this or you won't come at all. This isn't for you, it's for me."

And fuck, those words were all it took for Eddie to come across his stomach, a light dribble of cum spurting from his spent cock. Richie kept fucking him, chasing his own orgasm as Eddie writhed from the overstimulation. There were tears falling down his face, but he loved every second of it.

He felt Richie twitch inside him, his warn release filling him up as Richie mumbled "Take it, Eds. Fucking take my cum."

Richie waited a moment before pulling out, admiring how his cum slowly leaked from Eddie's ass.

"Look at you, my little comeslut. My slutty little whore."

Eddie let out a whimper, too fucked out to say much else. But then Richie was curling up next to him, wrapping his arms around him and kissing his temple.

"I love you, baby. My perfect baby boy."

Eddie hummed, a smile filling his face as he drifted to sleep.

Author's Note:

> yes i did just write this... all because of the dom richie dudes.... thank u em and amber....